See The Danger

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by WordsAblaze

Summary

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>
> Will looks up at that; even from across the room, Hannibal can see the way his body sags with relief, and he has to force himself not to do anything embarrassing like look fond, as Will would call it.
>
> Fortunately, the electricity cracking in Damon’s grasp quickly redirects him from embarrassing himself, and he allows his expression to harden into something more cruel. “More importantly, Mr Lennings, who is it you so foolishly think yourself to be, holding my patient hostage?”

Notes

> it's so hard to write these without getting carried away ?
>
> day 4 prompts used: cattle prod

See the end of the work for more notes

As he approaches the crime scene, Hannibal has the distinct urge to eviscerate Jack Crawford. It is not the first time he has felt such an urge, but perhaps one of the most powerful.

The reason, as with any other powerful surges of emotion Hannibal experiences, is, of course, Will. Or, in this instance, his absence.

“Doctor Lecter, I’m so glad you made it,” Jack greets.

Hannibal has no patience for him. “What do we know of Will’s whereabouts?” he asks sharply, glancing over to Beverley, who is a far more likely source of information than a guilt-ridden senior agent.

Beverly seems relieved to have his attention, another rare occurrence that only Will could ever be the catalyst for. “He was taken no more than half an hour ago, and we’ve since received a message from an untraceable phone that he’s alive and well but won’t be for much longer unless we can guarantee immunity.”

Immunity . Hannibal almost scoffs aloud—he ignores the picture of Will’s knowing smirk at the back of his mind—but manages to retain his composure, already envisioning the merciless death of one Damon Lennings.

“Immunity, for almost a dozen counts of murder,” Jack mutters, mostly to himself. “Will told me this felt like a trap.”

“And why did you not heed his warning?” Hannibal asks, leaving the malice out of his tone for the moment.

“None of us did,” Beverly chimes in, though her expression tells him that she, at least, had *tried* to.

Jack’s phone lets out a shrill noise before any of them can say anything more. Wordlessly, they huddle around the phone and watch as the little message attachment downloads. There are no words in the message body itself so neither of them know exactly what to expect until a grainy video of what is clearly some sort of warehouse starts playing.

“Oh, God…” Beverly breathes as the camera pans down from a hook attached to the ceiling to hands bound with rope, then to a painfully familiar mop of curly brown hair. Well, curly, brown, *bloodstained* hair.

Hannibal seethes in silence as the camera unsteadily pans further down, revealing the way Will’s feet are dragging on the floor, with him clearly unconscious and unable to take the pressure off his arms. He seethes further when the cameraman—most likely Damon himself judging by the shakiness—takes a long moment to showcase his weapon of choice before giggling.

“Don’t do it,” Jack growls uselessly.

As they watch, the cattle prod is jammed into Will's side, unforgivingly held in place until Will screams himself awake, his muscles spasming as the electricity courses across his skin. He gasps shakily when the prod is removed, scrambling to steady his feet underneath himself and squeezing his eyes shut, clearly in the process of mentally analysing his condition.

Exactly six seconds later, the crackle of electricity resumes along with Will's scream. He's wheezing once the cattle is removed this time, and his eyes are wide open as he scans the room, his gaze eventually landing on the phone. Heartbreakingly, he looks distinctly apologetic as he looks away, as if his being held hostage could ever be his own fault; Hannibal wants to wipe—possibly lick—the sweat from his forehead and reassure him that isn't the case.

"Immunity," a voice says from behind the camera, and all of them wince as Will flinches, his hands tightening around the rope binding them. "The documents, for his life."

Hannibal exhales slowly as the video cuts off. "What's the address?"

Jack, frozen, is unable to answer for so long that Hannibal simply takes the phone from his hands and scrolls to the previous messages from the same number. He doesn't waste even a second before heading back to his car, knowing through Will's frustrated rambling the day before that Damon doesn't have the sense of mind to organise a secondary location.

"Wait!" Jack calls, but Hannibal ignores him, his rage focused solely on reaching Will before any permanent damage is inflicted. He probably should at least *pretend* to care about Jack's opinion, but, if he's honest—and he would never admit to this if asked—he's too distracted by the thought of Will in pain to maintain any of his pretences.

Once he's turned the engine on, he rolls the window down and tosses the phone at Beverly, who'd had enough sense to follow him and nods her approval as she catches it; he makes a mental note to avoid killing her unless strictly necessary.

Hannibal breaks more than one traffic law to reach the warehouse but finds that he couldn't care less, Will's screams still rattling through his bones. He pauses briefly when he arrives, almost *offended* by how dreadfully plain the location is, and takes the time to shrug off his jacket and roll his sleeves up before entering the warehouse itself.

He's almost glad it's silent, because this warehouse doesn't deserve to hear Will's screams. And nor does it deserve to witness his art, he concludes as he enters what must be the main storage hall, catching sight of Will on the opposite side of the room.

"Who are you?" Damon asks, and looks almost nervous to see that the intruder to his setup is unarmed. At least he isn't a complete idiot, Hannibal can give him that much.

Will looks up at that; even from across the room, Hannibal can see the way his body sags with relief, and he has to force himself not to do anything embarrassing like *look fond* , as Will would call it.

Fortunately, the electricity cracking in Damon's grasp quickly redirects him from embarrassing himself, and he allows his expression to harden into something more cruel.

“More importantly, Mr Lennings, who is it you so foolishly think *yourself* to be, holding my patient hostage?”

Damon doesn’t take his eyes off Hannibal, but he does shuffle closer to Will until he’s close enough to make Will tense, leaning as far away as the rope allows him to. Hannibal clenches his jaw, aware that he doesn’t have long before the others catch up.

“I don’t care whose patient he is. He—he knows things. Things he *shouldn’t* . He found me! He shouldn’t have been able to find me!” Damon shouts, the hysterical note in his voice making him a pitiful sight. Hannibal is honestly more focused on the way his habit of gesticulating keeps bringing the cattle prod close to Will, who is clearly biting the insides of his cheeks to stop himself from making a sound.

“Yes, that is his job,” Hannibal says quietly, steadily, “just as it is mine to ensure he can continue to do his. I’m sure you understand.”

“You can’t have him back!” Damon replies, clearly alarmed. “He’ll just find me again. I can’t —”

The cattle prod catches Will’s arm and he cries out, instinctively kicking at Damon. Surprisingly, it effectively unbalances him, and his momentary stumble is all the opportunity Hannibal needs to surge forwards, crossing the distance between them and turning the prod on its owner with a satisfied smile. He watches as electricity dances atop Damon’s skin, and presses harder and harder until his agonised yell dissolves into a sob that fades into a deathly silence.

“I’m an FBI… agent… before I’m your… patient, Doctor Lecter,” Will manages between gasps, each of his limbs shaking something fierce.

“Forgive me,” Hannibal whispers, lifting a hand to gently cup Will’s cheek, more than amused when Will leans into his touch without a second thought, his eyes fluttering shut.

He’s so caught up in the moment that he doesn’t register Beverly’s presence until she’s sliced through the rope restricting Will’s hands, leaving him to all but collapse against Hannibal, who, also without a second thought, catches and holds him close.

“Will!” Jack exclaims, but, to his credit, doesn’t try to remove him from Hannibal’s arms.

“I’m… okay. Sorry… sorry you had to… see… that,” Will mumbles, his voice slightly muffled from where his head is resting on Hannibal’s shoulder.

Beverly clicks her tongue at him. “Sorry you had to *go through* that, man.”

“And I’m sure the FBI is sorry they didn’t see the danger in proceeding with what was very evidently a misdirection,” Hannibal adds, keeping his gaze locked accusingly on Jack until the other man coughs and straightens his shoulders.

“Of course,” Jack says eventually, his tone somewhere between stiff and sincere. “Take as much time as you need to recover.”

Hannibal can practically *feel* Will's argument surfacing so he clears his throat pointedly. "Indeed. Will won't be returning to work until he has had at least seven days' bedrest."

"Hannibal—" Will starts, but Hannibal gently squeezes his arm.

"No, Will, I am afraid electricity poses a high enough risk for this to be non-negotiable."

Chuckling, Beverly pats Will's head. "There, there. I'm sure it won't be all that bad having a doctor at your beck and call."

"Take care of him, Hannibal," Jack says, the finality in his voice enough to make Will sigh in resignation.

"I always do," Hannibal murmurs, a little out of spite but mostly for Will's benefit.

End Notes

Hannibal: i've only had Will for a day and a half but if anything happens to him, i will kill jack crawford and then myself.

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